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THE CHAIN-GANG.



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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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## Cartoons and Comments

### THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES.

THE Stock Exchange is to reform itself. Under no obligation to do so as a result of the Pujo investigation or any other Government influence, the Stock Exchange will tackle the task nevertheless. While it will be impossible, we fancy, so to amend the rules of procedure that everybody may make money in Wall Street, still it may prove practicable to effect such reforms as will let the unsuspecting lamb hang on to his fleece for minutes instead of for seconds, as is now too often the case. Out of the mouths of Stock Exchange officials themselves the public has obtained more than a hint that Hell's Kitchen on a dark night is a good deal safer place for a guileless citizen with money than Wall Street on the brightest of bright days. This impression, if allowed to prevail, will knock the price of Stock Exchange seats still lower than they already are, and they are now selling for about half what they brought six years ago. Seriously speaking, it would do no harm if the Exchange authorities regarded the public from a new standpoint. That a fool and his money are soon parted is painfully true, and so 't will be till the crack of doom; but safeguards against deception and fraud are operative on the Exchanges of Paris and London, and the introduction of similar safeguards here would do much to restore confidence in the good faith of the Stock Exchange authorities, and perhaps bring the public back into the market. Self-interest is a great spur to action. The motive power

behind the Exchange's decision to "reform" is doubtless the disquieting drop in the price of seats, which simply means that there is n't as much business on the floor by fifty per cent. as there used to be. By keeping away from the ticker a little while longer the public can inspire more Wall Street reforms than all the UNTERMYERS and PUJO committees in creation. Even the spider introduced reforms when the flies got too wise to walk into his parlor.

PRESIDENT WILSON, we fear, will prove a source of great annoyance and possible embarrassment to a number of gentlemen in

public life. Such statesmen, we mean, as believe that a party platform is something "to get in on" merely, not to stand on after one is safely in. Already there are signs that the Democratic tariff revision plank is not regarded with the same favor in all quarters that greeted it before election, and quite a few pussy-footed persons are planning means to nullify it as much as possible, yet still to carry out a semblance of the party's campaign pledge. With this sort of backsliding Democracy President WILSON is not apt to be in sympathy. It is quite likely that the gibbet on which he threatens to "hang as high as

HAMAN" the man who starts a panic, he will erect also for those who would flimflam the public out of honest tariff reform. The next occupant of the White House gives evidence in plenty that he takes his new job seriously, and it is highly probable that he will regard a pledge made before election as an obligation afterward. It is well to have for President a man who has been but a short while in public life, for his usefulness to the people, to all of the people, will not be hampered by the party worship of a chronic office-holder.

It remains to be seen whether the Law which was agile enough to catch a band of dynamiters will be strong enough to hold them. Also, whether the law's delay will operate to the advantage of accused "Labor" as well as to "Capital" accused. Banker MORSE, if so disposed, could suggest to the dynamiters a means of escape.



The Devil was sick,—  
The Devil a monk would be,

The Devil was well,—  
The Devil a monk was he.





THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

MERE MAN'S COMPLAINT.

**I**N Paris there are people who  
Are busy planning and conniving  
To make me give up every sou,  
No matter how I keep on striving.  
The fashions that have vogue to-day  
Will by to-morrow be discarded,  
And I shall be compelled to pay  
For new "creations," come what may,  
My just complaints all disregarded.

They do not know, and little care,  
Those arbiters so arbitrary,  
That I've a mate who scorns to wear  
December styles in January;  
They merely know that women bow  
Year after year to their dictation,  
And that the thing concocted now  
Will charm awhile, no matter how  
Ridiculous the new "creation."

Within the windows are displayed  
The "new things" from across the water;  
There will be no restraint of trade,  
We may be sure, by wife or daughter.  
It matters not that they possess  
Clothes in abundance that are splendid  
And fit for any marchioness;  
What virtue is there in a dress  
When Paris says its vogue is ended?

There steals within my breast sometimes  
A longing that becomes a passion  
To steal away to sunny climes  
Where fig-leaves still may be in fashion;  
To strive where striving were worth while,  
To gladly stray through fields Elysian  
Where lovely woman might beguile  
Free from the blight of any style  
Dictated by a male Parisian.

S. E. Kiser.

A.D. 1914.

**BELL-BOY.**—Room One Hundred and One rung. They're singing college-songs, and they want ten more cocktails and a half-dozen more boxes of cigarettes.

**HOTEL PROPRIETOR.**—You just tell those young society ladies they've got to be quieter; they're keeping some of the gentlemen boarders awake.

**M**ANY a man who has no money wastes valuable time telling what he would do if he were wealthy.

PET NAMES.

**I**T IS not important, in itself, that a New York woman had her husband arrested for calling her "Dearie" and "Sweetheart" in public, to her intense distaste. The case was dismissed by the magistrate, who cautioned the complainant that she was lucky to have such a husband, and had better take care not to lose him. This is scarcely a judgment of Solomon. The woman in question did not enjoy being petted in public, and a judicial decision cannot be expected to change her attitude toward such treatment. In her estimation it is as bad as, possibly worse than, being beaten.

What to call one's spouse in public has given many a man and woman pause. The Frenchmen address their wives often as "madame" when speaking to them in a public place. "Missus" has not the same sound. To use the Christian name is not satisfactory; there might be reasons why the possessor should not wish it advertised. "I say," or "Here, you" are distinctly not good form, nor is "Listen." Yet, to the sensitive ear, all these are better than those endearing epithets and namelets which the fond wife or husband, or rather the wife or the husband who wishes to give the appearance of fondness, employs.

What person of fibre would not hale into the police-court a life-partner who used the mushy word "Ducky"? "Dovey" should be the signal for instant assault; so also should "Lovey," "Dear Heart," "Sweetness," "Pet," and "Little One." Yet all these have we heard oft in company. Old-fashioned men cling to "Wife," a salutation of ancient usage. It is a little cold, however, besides being archaic. On the other side, "Hubby" is very bad; and there is something peculiarly offensive about "Love" when applied to a man. He may have a leonine countenance; he may have a magnificent physique; he may have the patent of virility; but at the sound of that word "Love," addressed to him in the presence of strangers, he becomes as a thing enfeebled; an ornery cuss; a mere cling-skirt.



**T**IME works wonders, but that is probably because he never struck for an eight-hour day.

**S**elf-made men would find this a more sociable world if they were less inclined to talk shop.

(Of course you'll have to get 49,628 subscribers to *Bumbleberry's Monthly* in order to qualify you to compete for this unexcelled offer—but that's a mere detail.)

(That is, a Trial Treatment consisting of the regular One-Dollar Bottle is sent Free on receipt of Fifty Cents.)

(At least, it's free if we use somebody else's pew and don't come in until after the plate has been passed.)

*Horatio Winslow.*

**CASEY.**—Before Nolan married he said he needed a wife to straighten him up; something for a "bracer."

**MURPHY.**—An' now that he's married her he finds he's got a "chaser."

THE fact that it is eminently respectable to attend church fills a good many otherwise empty pews.



REST IN PEACE.

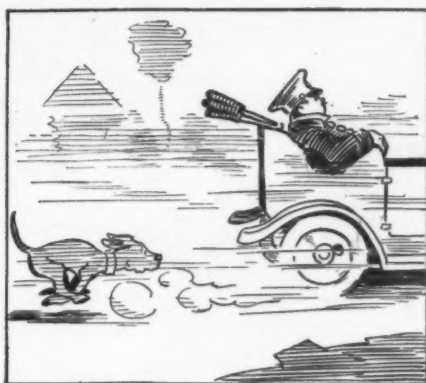
THE FLORIST'S DELIVERY-BOY GOES TO SLEEP ON THE JOB.



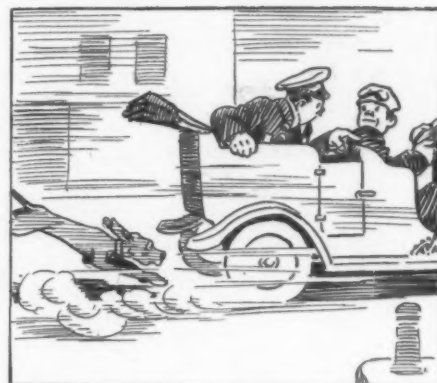
# THE POLICE-DOG FOLLOWS A HOT TRAIL.



I.  
"Yes, sure, I'll take a ride, Chief!"



II.  
"Gee! I'd like to own one of these machines to use on me beat!"



III.  
"Say, Chief! It's all o' ten miles from where we started, but I forgot me dorg. Beat it back!"

## REWARDS.

Two writers of fiction were sitting at a table in a restaurant famous for its literary clientele. One was the well-known George Parr Barrish, author of the best-selling books of the year, *The Red Suspenders* and *The Green Gaiters*. The other was Percy Ibbington, author of several volumes of which the leading booksellers had consented to take "five copies on consignment."

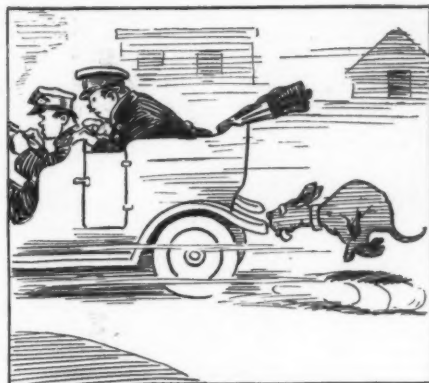
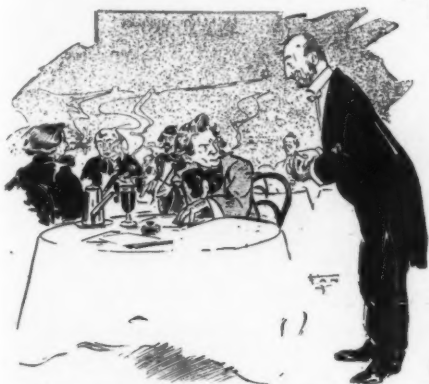
Percy Ibbington was speaking. "That you are successful in a commercial sense," he was saying to Mr. Barrish, "I freely admit. You have cultivated the lower public tastes; while I—I have cultivated Art. You have sold into the hundred thousands. I have a following of but two or three hundred. You are illustrated by Harrison Huttston. I go before the public without illustration at \$1.20 net. Yet, my friend, I do not envy you. I am content to go on in my own unpopular way to the end."

"We have no quarrel, then," said the other. "I must say that I love Art as well as you; the difference between us is that I do not use it in my business. Yet I make no apology for my work. My ambition has been to interest the blacksmith and the coal-heaver and the servant-girl, and I have done it. I also wanted to make money, and I have done that. The critics agree to a man that my books are rotten, and they sell by the thousands. The critics are also agreed that your books are True Literature, and nobody buys them. You are content, you say; well, so am I."

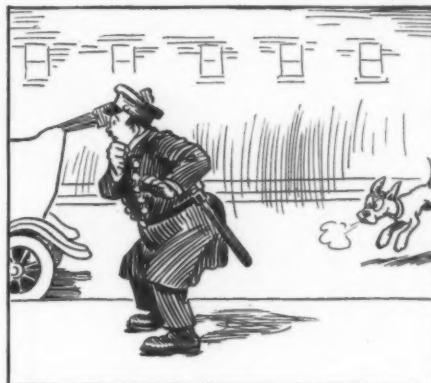
"If it were only a matter of to-day and to-morrow," replied Percy Ibbington, "I should admit that you had the best of the argument."

But I am working for the regard of posterity. In ten years your books will have been forgotten as completely as yesterday afternoon's newspaper. In ten years I shall be just reaping my reward."

"So be it," replied George Parr Barrish. "Let us go. I am reluctant to quit this interesting conversation; but I have promised to write another novel this week, and I must be at work." And so they rose from the table and went,



IV.  
"Put on all the juice yer got. If that dorg was stole, the Editor of PUCK would have me broke!"



V.  
"Right here is where I left him. I hope nobody swiped him!"



VI.  
"Ah! Here's me faithful comrade, but I wonder what he's pantin' so hard fer!"

"Please give me the latest novel by Percy Ibbington."

"Percy Ibbington?" queried the book-clerk. "Percy Ibbington? I'm sorry, sir. I don't think I ever heard of him either."

Freeman Tilden.

## MODERNIZED.

EDITOR.—This stuff won't do for a "filler."

NEW ASSISTANT.—It's good dope; some of Solomon's proverbs.

EDITOR.—Bah! Nobody ever heard of him. Tell you what we can do, though. Head it "Business Epigrams of J. P. Morgan," and we'll run it on the front page.

Mr. Barrish having settled the bill.

But a business-man, of the shy, retiring type permitted to come to this restaurant, had been a keen listener to the conversation. When the two authors had gone, he made a few notes hastily in his note-book.

Ten years passed. One day the business-man who had overheard the above conversation was rummaging among his old diaries and papers, and found the notes which he had made at the restaurant. The conversation came back to him, and so impressed him and aroused his curiosity that he immediately went to the nearest bookstore.

After consulting his notes he asked the salesman: "Have you any books by George Parr Barrish?"

The salesman looked blank. He scratched his head thoughtfully, and replied: "I don't remember ever to have heard of a writer of that name."

"Surely you must know him—I understood he was quite famous in his way," said the customer.

"Well, sir, it may be as you say, but I don't seem to recall either the man or his books."

"Ah," said the business man, "the artistic fellow was right!"

Then he added:



## HE MEANT WELL.

FOND FATHER.—Well, we have a new baby at our house.  
MOTOR ENTHUSIAST (absently).—What horse-power?

Great men used to leave their footprints on the sands of time, but in this day of the rich malefactor they are more likely to leave fingerprints.



"THAT REMINDS ME!"

PASSER-BY (with a start).—Gad! That reminds me I've got to go to my wife's mother's for dinner to-night!

ASSESSED VALUATION.

POWDERED, scented, and sweet, Reggie tripped down the street,  
Gaily twirling his ten-dollar cane,  
While his two-hundred-dollar pup twisted his collar  
And tugged at his six-dollar chain.

Then a scented, cork-tipped dollar dreamstick he slipped  
From his eight-dollar cigarette case,  
And he languidly smiled in a manner most mild  
While inserting one end in his face.

When a chic, dainty maid accidentally strayed  
Past the spot where sweet Reginald stood  
He took note of her class through his three-dollar glass  
And observed she was all to the good.  
Now, he reasoned that this was a flirtable miss,  
So he smoothed his four-dollar cravat,  
With a bow and a stare and a murmured "Ah, there!"  
As he took off his ten-dollar hat.

With a look of surprise the maid lifted her eyes  
Till hers and sweet Reginald's met;  
Then she glanced in disdain at his ten-dollar cane  
At his dollar cork-tipped cigarette,  
At his ten-dollar hat, his four-dollar cravat,  
And the rest. So it's safe to conclude  
That with all of his dash, and with all of his cash,  
He was only a thirty-cent dude!

Jack Burroughs.

THE SEVEN AGES OF HEROISM.

FIRST DAY.

SMITH.—Did you see in the morning paper where Kelley, the Chief of Police, walked alone into a counterfeiters' den when he knew it meant certain death?

JONES.—You bet I read the whole story! By George, it makes me proud to be a citizen of a country which breeds such heroes!

SECOND DAY.

SMITH.—I see by the papers that there is a movement on foot to

collect ten thousand dollars by popular subscription for the family of Chief of Police Kelley.

BROWN.—It ought to be twenty-five thousand dollars. And if this city does n't erect a monument to a man like that, then it does n't deserve to have such heroes in the Department.

THIRD DAY.

SMITH.—Hello, Green! I suppose you'll go to the mass-meeting to-night in honor of Hero Kelley?

GREEN.—By gracious! I'd like to go, but the tie between the Married Men and the Single Men is going to be rolled off on our club alleys to-night, and I'm on the Single Men's team.

FOURTH DAY.

SMITH.—I say, Robinson, did your paper say anything about the mass-meeting in honor of Hero Kelley last night? I did n't get around to go.

ROBINSON.—I did n't notice. Hero Kelley, did you say? Oh, you mean the feller that butted into a private house and got what was coming to him? He had nerve, of course; but these policemen are too fresh.

FIFTH DAY.

SMITH.—Hero Kelley's funeral is to be this afternoon. There'll be two thousand policemen in line.

WHITE.—Huh! They'd better be catching thieves instead of parading.

SIXTH DAY.

SMITH.—Well, that was a great parade for Hero Kelley yesterday.

BLACK.—Yep. Funny what a fuss they make over nothing, eh?

SEVENTH DAY.

SMITH  
JONES  
BROWN  
ROBINSON  
GREEN  
WHITE  
BLACK

(meeting at a well-known hotel bar):

Just what I think, old man. The newspapers make a great stir about a cop who was only doing what the taxpayers hire him for.

Freeman Tilden.



THE MAIN REQUIREMENT.

CRAWFORD.—How did you come to let him into your Bohemian club? He is n't an artist.

PENFIELD.—No. But look at the way he eats spaghetti!

**In the race for wealth no man seems to object to taking a short cut across his neighbor's feelings.**



# PUCK



THEY were seeing the sights, and had dropped into a big Wall Street brokerage house.

"What are all those people sitting there in front of that board?"

"Those are customers—people who buy and sell stocks through the house. The little green cards the boy keeps putting up on the board and shifting around show the prices on the Stock Exchange."

"Where does he get the prices from?"

"He gets them off that machine over there—the ticker. When a broker on the Exchange buys or sells something he tells a messenger and the messenger tells the man that sends out the information over all the tickers."

"But if there are lots of purchases and sales I should think it would be quite some time after a trade was made before the report could be sent over the tickers and put up on these boards?"

"It is. When the market's active, sometimes the ticker gets as much as ten minutes behind."

"Ten minutes! Why, in a game like this I should n't think it would do these people any good to know what was going on ten minutes ago?"

"It does n't."

"Then why do they do it?"

"Don't know—unless perhaps it's because they like to see the quotations go up and down."

"Do they ever make any money out of it?"

"No. Or at any rate, if they do, they drop it right away again."  
 "Does n't anybody make any money out of it?"  
 "Certainly."  
 "Who are the ones that make the money?"  
 "The ones that make the quotations, of course."  
 "Oh, come on. Let's go see something that's got some sense to it."

THE Great Financier took the stand. The attorney for the Investigating Committee smiled a smile of deep satisfaction. Had n't he been working for a year to put this across? Was n't this something really new in the history of investigations? Things would be said now that would be worth listening to. These are some of the things that were said:

"I don't know."  
 "I don't remember."  
 "That may be, but I have no personal knowledge of the facts."

"It was some time ago. You can hardly expect me to remember the details."

Back in New York, stock-prices were going up a point at a time. "The strength of the market," half the afternoon papers solemnly declared, "was due to the perfectly frank testimony given to-day at Washington."

"What did he say, anyhow?" the cartoonist on one of these papers asked the financial editor, as the two went out for their "petit vermouth" that afternoon.

"What did he say?" the other replied. "How the devil do I know! You don't suppose I've got time to read two or three pages of that sort of stuff, do you?"

THE advertising man for one of the big electric companies was explaining how hard it is to get people used to a new thing, however superior to the old it may be.

"I was struck by a conversation I heard this morning coming over on the boat," he said.



WIZARD.

"Is your son Ike a goot salesman?"  
 "Goot! Ike could sell a New York Evening Journal to Mayor Gaynor!"

"Two workmen, pretty well-to-do, evidently, were talking about the relative merits of gas and electric light—one of them had put up a small home and was hesitating which kind of light to put in. 'Jim,' his friend advised him, 'you put in gas. Every night after dinner you sit and smoke your pipe, don't you? And when you have n't got a match around, there's your burner and everything's all right. Now supposing you're got one of those bulbs to read by—where do you get a light for your pipe, then? Solid comfort's what you want, Jim. You take my advice and put in gas.'"

"And the sad part of it is," the advertising man remarked, "that Jim seemed thoroughly to agree with him."

## HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



"The High Road."

MRS. FISKE is at her best in "The High Road." She is one of the few women on the stage at present who really can act in every sense of the word. Moreover, she handles a "big scene" in a sane and logical manner without giving way to the hysterical outbursts which so many women stars still utilize in a vain attempt to get at your emotions. Imagine the scene in "The High Road," where Mary Pige tells the Governor of her past life, in the hands of the weepy, emotional type! She would probably flop around on the floor, sobbing and sniveling, with lots of "Oh-my-gawd-my-gawd-I-am-so-miserable" business thrown in, while a convenient ray of pink moonbeams light up her red hair. Happily, that sort of thing doesn't get by as it did once. Mrs. Fiske discovered long ago

that it reflected nothing in real life. She has made a really big play out of Mr. Sheldon's drama which in itself would be only mildly interesting. The play might very well begin where the second act leaves off and still give you the whole story. The cast is unusually good throughout, and shows evidence of the careful attention to detail which one can always expect from Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske. Frederick Perry makes the country boy who later becomes governor a real flesh-and-blood person, and Arthur Byron is capital as Maddock. Nina Melville contributes a good bit as the maid. There is an unusually effective setting in the first act. If you like Mrs. Fiske you are sure to find "The High Road" a first-rate evening's entertainment.

W. E. HILL.

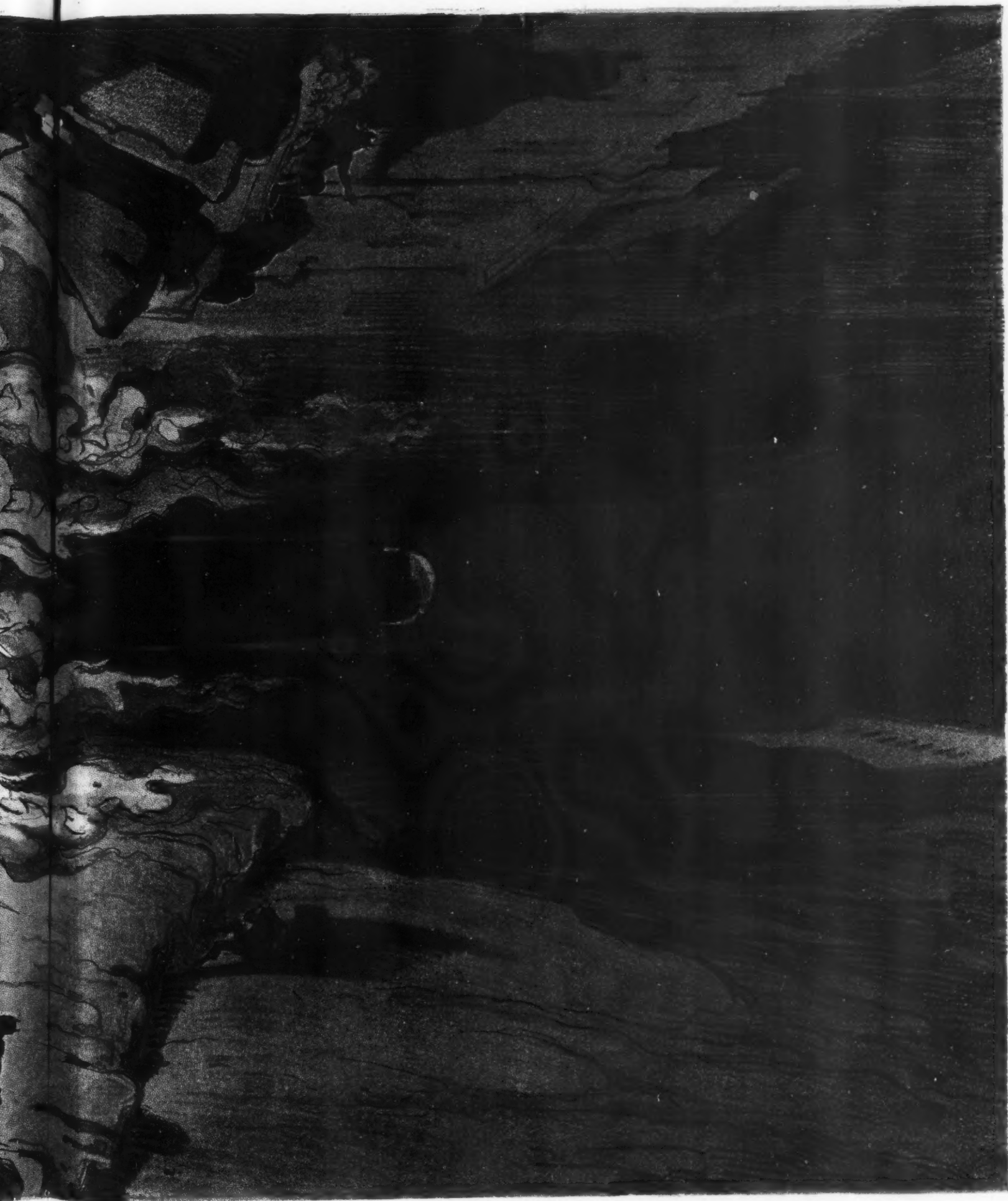
THE PECK PRESS

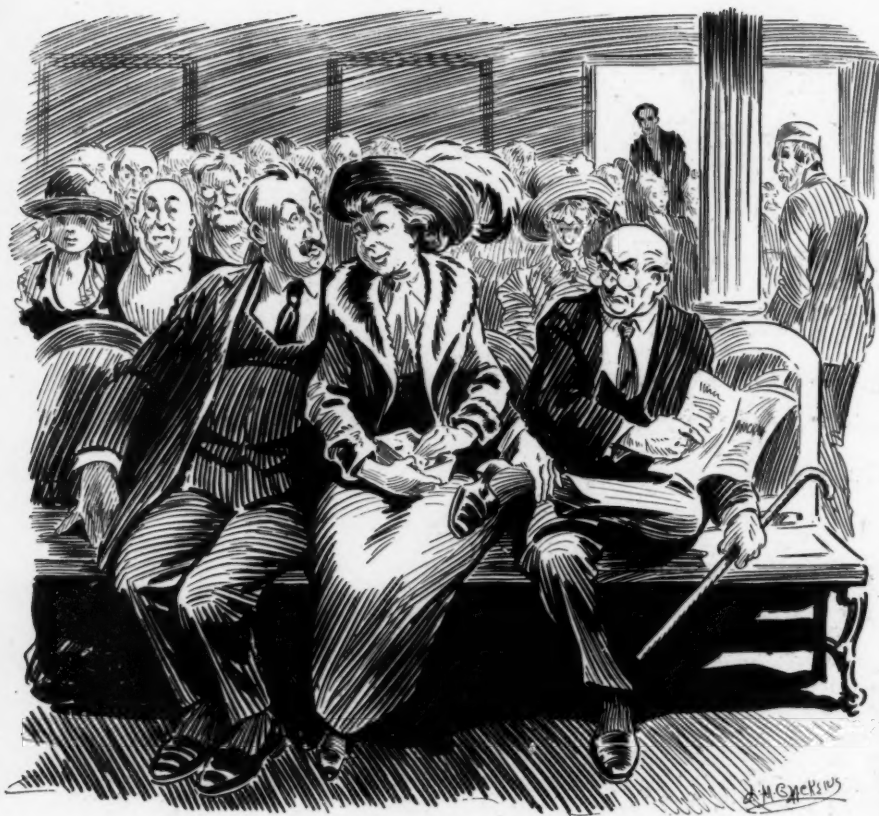
A SNOWBALL IN HELL—WHAT CHANCE HAS IT GOT?





PUCK





AT THE MOVIES.

HE (his arm around her).—What a dainty wrist you have, honey!  
SHE.—That is n't my wrist, dearie! That's the ankle of the man beside me!

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

The SUPERIOR MAGAZINE for 1913  
WILL BE ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE.

HE most original and "different" publication in a century!

The only magazine in America which will positively *not* publish a hitherto-undiscovered O. Henry story!

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, and GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER are among the famous authors who will *not* appear in our pages.

The Most Marvelous Feature of the Decade will be the entire absence of any work of ARNOLD BENNETT from the SUPERIOR MAGAZINE. This has been the *chef d'œuvre* of the editors in their endeavor to make a magazine without a rival.

The Art Department will be no less remarkable. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTIE, HENRY REUTERDAHL, HARRISON FISHER, A. B. WENZEL, and JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG will appear exclusively in other magazines.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM Has Written None of His Breathless Serials or Short Stories for the SUPERIOR.

REX BEACH has promised to write nothing whatever for the SUPERIOR, and we are also able to announce that JACK LONDON has made the positive assurance that he will have no place among our contributors.

The Magazine Individual!  
Different from Any Other!  
No Red-Blooded Tales!  
No Blue-Blooded Fiction!

No Posthumous Novels by DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS or JACQUES FUTRELLE!

No Pictures by The Greatest Living Artists!

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR THE SUPERIOR!!!

Mark Kronen.

HIS REQUIREMENT.

"How shall I love you as I ought?"  
She asked of her fond adorer.  
"With spoken word, or with silent thought?"  
Her eyes gazed far before her.

"Shall I love you up to your soul's best need,  
Or down to life's daily level?  
Shall we walk through the world—two saints, indeed—  
Or join in its whirl and revel?"

"How shall I love you, my sweetheart?—say—  
Since it is yours to prove me."  
"Love me?" he said. "Why, any old way,  
Only—be sure to love me!"

Madeline Bridges.

OBJECTIONABLE.

A CERTAIN robber was observed invariably to rob the relatively poor.

"There's a reason!" quoth he, winking significantly.  
Being pressed, he was more explicit:

"My women-folks," he whispered, "turn up their noses at wealth that's been rolled in."

MAN.

MAN that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

First the infant, eating prepared food and having his temperature taken every hour,—a eugenic baby, in short.

Then the schoolboy, studying everything and learning nothing.

Then the lover, sighing like an oil-heater, the price of anthracite coal being what it is per ton.

Then the soldier, his trade unfashionable except in the Balkans and Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Then the justice, forced by the price of capons to get along with some cheaper lining for his capacious paunch. Not to mention the ultimate consumer, sans everything.

TROUBLE is, we never know when we've got enough until we find out that we've got too much.



YOUNG.

MRS. MURPHY (in the museum).—Shure, they say this Venus thing is two thousand years old.

MR. MURPHY.—Talk about holdin' wan's age! She don't look over twenty!



STORM SIGNALS.

EXTRAVAGANT YOUNG WIFE.—George, I wish to go out this afternoon to do a little shopping. What kind of weather is it?

GEORGE.—Rain, thunder, lightning, freezing—and—and earthquake!



# WHAT A DIFFERENCE ONE MINUTE WILL MAKE!



SCENE IN THE SWEATSHOP DISTRICT AT 11:59 A.M.



SCENE IN THE SWEATSHOP DISTRICT AT 12 M.

## MR. AND MRS. BLAKE ATTEND.



HE: I dread these big receptions so;  
But then, of course, we'll have to go.  
HE: I know of nothing I hate worse;  
But still, we'll have to go, of course.  
SHE: Oh dear, 't will be a dreadful bore!  
I'll be so glad when it is o'er!  
HE: Yes, but we'll have to go or they  
Will wonder why we stayed away.  
THEY: My, what a bore the whole thing was!  
I'm tired to death. My ears just buzz!  
I wonder if the Blakes were here?  
I never noticed. Did you, dear?

Walter G. Doty.



## THE CANADIAN—1913 MODEL.

"Eh—ah—er—," said the gentleman with the tawny moustache, making those preparatory sounds by which the Briton warns the world of his intention to speak, "jolly little place this Canada—and all that sort of rot. Kindly feelings toward all you Colonials, too—quite so. But have you a taproom or an inn where a chap can get a pint of ale and a finnan haddie?" The Canadian scratched his head.

"Wall, now, I dunno. Up to the Washin'ton Hotel, though, you kin git some Chicago ham and Milwaukee beer and New York crackers. I'm from Ioway myself—just moved North last winter—but I'm glad to see you, even if you be English. Who's king over in your country now?"

## THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

OF the kinds of government there is no end. There is constitutional government and government monarchical; governments autocratic, bureaucratic, and democratic; governments popular and governments unpopular; representative government, government by commission, government by injunction, and just plain government. The varieties, stages, and degrees are as the sands of the seashore and the leaves of the trees; but there is ever room for one more. And the latest and greatest kind of government is Government by Investigation.

This new manner of government is extremely simple in its working. First, the people elect; then the people investigate. The elected candidate appoints; the appointees are then investigated. Financial boards appropriate money; the appropriations are immediately investigated. Whatever is done is merely half the work to be done; it must all be investigated.

Government by Investigation! 'Tis a happy thought and a pleasant, interesting procedure. The variations and ramifications of this method are delightful. The people elect legislators; the legislatures pass laws; business proceeds according to the laws. That is, it proceeds until investigation begins. It becomes necessary to investigate all business founded on the laws; next, all laws founded on legislative acts, then all legislatures which made the laws. Is that all? By no means. It now becomes necessary to investigate the investigators. Thereupon it is due to public policy to invoke the help of detective agencies to discover what is really being done by the investigators whose duty it is to investigate the investigators. From that point to the employment of detectives to detect the detectives, and shadowers to shadow the men who are shadowing the men who are investigating the investigators who are investigating the investigators who are probing the malfeasances of the servants of the people is but a natural and logical step. This constitutes the New Government—Government by Investigation.

Simple, barbaric minds might inquire as to whether the investigation of the characters of the servants of the people might not precede the election of those servants. Simple, barbaric minds might.



## ALL READY.

EDITOR.—Yes. We have arranged for two reporters to handle the news of the President's wife, one for each of his children, one for the household pets, and still another to cover his country relatives who are visiting Washington.

OWNER.—But what men have you got to handle the news of the President himself?

EDITOR.—Nobody. Confound it, I knew there was something I forgot!

## THE REASON.

VISITOR.—Your father did n't try to swear off on smoking this year. Could n't your mother persuade him?

WILLIE.—It was n't that. Pa offered to swear off this year if Ma would, and she would n't take him up!

**L**iberty may be defined as that condition of things which does not permit us to take liberties with others.

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"The pale complexion of true love" assumes a warmer tint by the use of Pears' Soap.

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"Did you strike copper on that land?"

"Nope."

"Then I suppose you will return the money and take up the stock you sold?"

"Not exactly. We shall promote an orange grove on the land. Two shares of the new stock for one of the old."—*New York Mail.*

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A BROAD HINT.

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically:

"Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!"

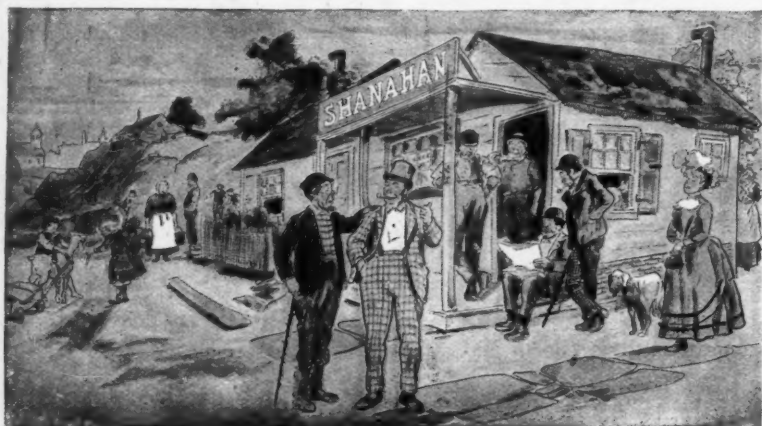
"Indeed it must," was his response. Then, after a while, with sympathetic ingenuousness, she exclaimed:

"It does n't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it."

And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.—*Photo Bits.*

"Good evening, my young friend," said Rev. Tidbits to a young man who was passing by, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," was the answer, "every Sunday night, and I'm on my way to see her now."—*Said and Done.*



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OR,

### "THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'."

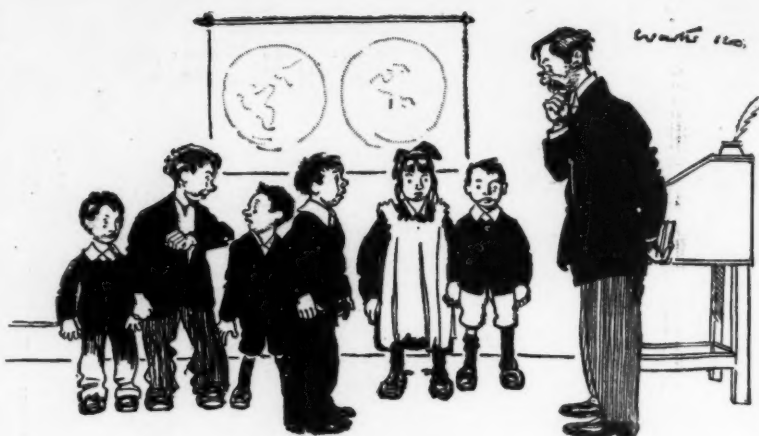
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TEACHER.—Now you have in front of you the north, on your right the east, on your left the west. What have you behind you?

SMALL BOY.—A patch on my pants. I told mother you'd see it!

—*London Opinion.*

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KRISS.—Did your wife start in by keeping a diary of your married life?  
KROSS.—Yes; but it ended up in a scrap-book.—*Town Topics.*



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"Yes, your honor."

"What is it?"

"I'd like to know, your honor, who is going to pay the cab-hire?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

### SOMETHING IN IT.

WILLIE.—Paw, what is a stable government?

PA.—When the party in power displays horse-sense, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

### A SLANDER.

GUEST.—I have eaten many a better stew than this!

LANDLORD (enraged).—Not in this house!—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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### THE WAY IT SOUNDED.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed impatiently, "I'm sure we shall miss the opening number. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he retorted, rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, "this is so sudden!" — *Newark Star.*

### AT OUR JOKES.

He who laughs last is an Englishman. — *Princeton Tiger.*



IT LOOKED QUITE DIFFERENT FIFTY YARDS OFF.  
— *Sydney Bulletin.*

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MRS. WAYUPP. — Then you think they are really made for each other?  
MRS. BLASÉ. — Yes; he turned himself into an Episcopalian to catch her and she turned herself into a blonde to catch him. — *Town Topics.*

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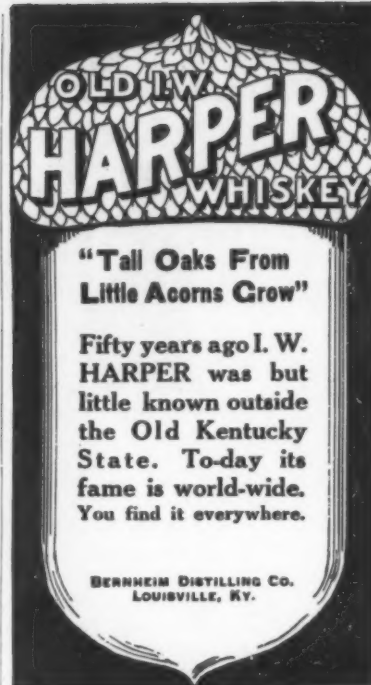
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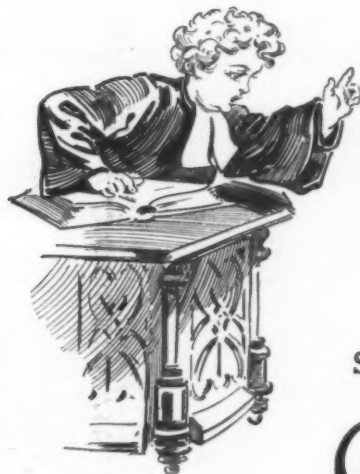
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THE MILLINER. — Yes, madam —  
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THE SAD LADY. — No; miserable wife! — *The Sketch.*

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**M**ANY a married man I know  
Brags about his "stern  
command"

Of his better half, to show  
He can smoke his favorite brand,  
Leaving ashes on every hand.  
I can do what no man dares  
In a household in the land—  
*I can put my feet on chairs!*

He would never undergo  
Henpecks which his wife had planned.  
In his own seraglio  
He had rights he would demand.  
Though it takes a lot of sand,  
I can boss my own affairs.  
With a smile that's smooth and bland  
*I can put my feet on chairs!*

Then he boasts that he can go  
"Anywhere, you understand."  
No one dares to tell him "No,"  
Late at night—no reprimand;  
"Wonderful the things she'll  
stand!"  
Not a one of them compares  
With my privilege—ain't it  
grand?  
*I can put my feet on chairs!*

## L'ENVOI.

Daily does my joy expand,  
I've some right to put on airs;  
I have never been unmanned—  
*I can put my feet on chairs!*

Kenneth F. H. Underwood.





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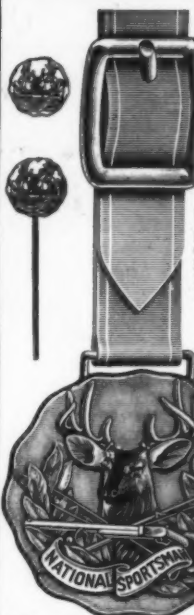
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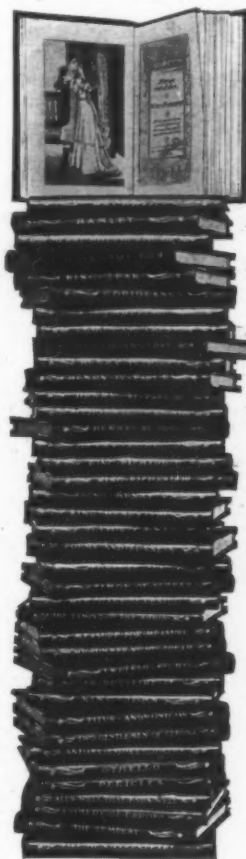
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